

A TABLE of the **SOME** CONTAIN'D in this Book.

Banquet of MUSICK:

A Collection of the newest and best SONGS
Sung at Court, and at Publick Theatres, being most
of them within the Compass of the **FLUTE**

WITH
A THOROW-BASS for the *Theorbo-Lute,*
Bass-Viol, Harpsichord, or Organ.

Composed by several of the Best Masters.

The Words by the Ingenious Wits of the Age.

THE FIFTH BOOK.



Copy may be Printed.

December 2. 1690.

Rob. Munday.

In the SAVOY:

Printed by Edm. James and Sold by Henry Playford at his Shop near the Temple Church, and by Sam. Scott at Mr. Carr's Shop at the Middle Temple Gate, 1691.

A TABLE of the SONGS Contain'd in this Book.

<i>As sweet, that Honey to Corp.</i>	Page 15	<i>I own my lovely, soft and fair,</i>	Page 2
<i>C.</i>		<i>If Confrancy a Virtue be,</i>	14
<i>Cupid to Venus did complain,</i>	11	<i>L.</i>	
<i>Climb at Court for me that will,</i>	26	<i>Lost is my Quiet, for ever lost,</i>	8
<i>Damon, if thou wilt believe me,</i>	3	<i>Off that I should, long had I lov'd in vain,</i>	6
<i>Fairest of the Sea, and best,</i>	4	<i>Ungracious! do not despise,</i>	17
<i>Farewel the Darling Shades I love,</i>	18	<i>The Price of Lovers Woful Blood,</i>	5
<i>Fair Galatea, curs'd to love,</i>	13	<i>Think not, Aftrea, that your Eyes,</i>	7
<i>Fly from Myrrillo, gay and young,</i>	15	<i>W.</i>	
<i>How Sacred, and how Innocent,</i>	20	<i>Why, my Daphne, [A Dialogue.]</i>	21
<i>I once had Virtue, Wealth, and Fame,</i>	1	<i>Young Collin floating on a Beam, [A Catch.]</i>	6
		<i>Youth and Beauty fly away,</i>	10

MUSICK Books lately printed for Henry Playford at his Shop near the Temple Church.

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COMES AMORES, the second Book, is sold by Samuel Scott at Mr. John Carr's Shop at the stile-Temple Gate.



Once had Vir-tue, Wealth, and Fame, now I'm a Ruin'd

Sinner; I lost them all at Love's sweet Game, yet think my self a Winner,

While that dear love-ly Youth to gain, my Heart was still per-su-ing; I'm

rich enough, nor dare complain, nor dare complain, of such a sweet Un-do-ing.

Mr. Robert King.

I laugh at cruel Fortune's Spite,
While I have any Feature,
To keep his Love, for that's delight
Enough for Mortal Creature:
The Sport's so pleasant, you will own,
When once you have been in it,
You'd gladly be an Age undone, an Age undone,
For one such happy Minute.



Own you're lovely, soft, and fair, as bright-est Angels

are a—bove; but vain-ly my De—vo—tions pay to you, that still re—

fuse my Love: The Gods by halves their Gifts bestow, and cru-el—ly your Wishes grant; whilst

thus they la—vish Charms on you, yet let you Love's Per—fe—ction want. Mr. J. Gilbert.

II.

Love, my *Celinda*, is alone,
Th' enticing Beauty of the Mind;
In vain you then of Charms do boast,
Whilst you're still Cruel, and Unkind:
Forget your usual Coyness then,
On me your kindest Smiles bestow;
For Heav'n ne're hoards its Blessings up,
But kindly show'rs them down below.

Words by a Person of Quality.

[3]

Set by Mr. Damascene.



Amon, if thou wilt believe me, 'tis not fighting round the Plain;

Song, nor Sonnet, can relieve thee, faint attempts in Love are vain: Urge but home the

fair Oc-ca-sion, and be Ma-ster of the Field; to a pow'rful kind of va-sion,

'twere a madness not to yield.

II.

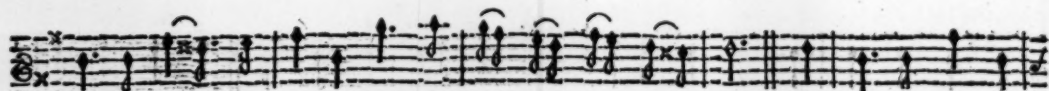
Though she swears, She'l ne're permit ye,
Cries, You're rude, and much to blame;
And with Tears implore your Pity,
Be not Merciful for Shame:
When the fierce Assault is over,
Cloris time enough may find
This her cruel furious Lover
Much more gentle, not so kind,

III.

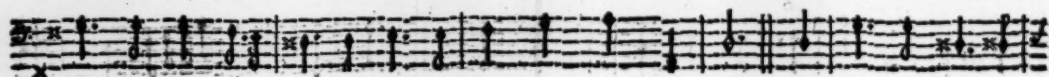
Love gives out a large Commission,
Still Indulgent to the Brave;
But one Sin of base omission,
Never Woman yet forgave:
But true Vigour in Performing,
Turns the Tragick Scene to Farce;
And she'l rise appear'd next morning,
With dry Eyes, and a wet A



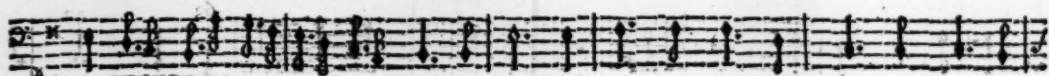
Air—est of thy Sex, and best, admit my hum—ble Tale; 'twill



ease the Torment of my Breast, tho' I must ne're pre-vail: No vain Am-bi-tion



moves my Heart, your Favour to Implore; I beg not for re—turns of Love, but



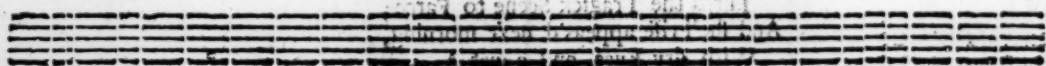
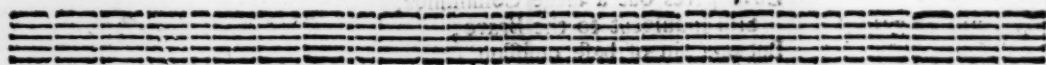
Free—dom to A—dore.

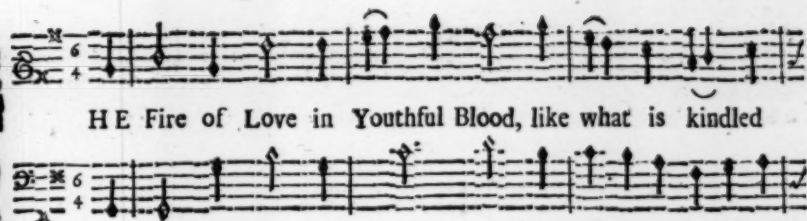
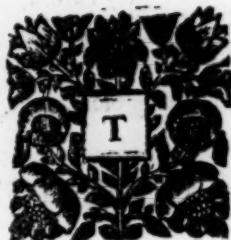
Mr. Moses Snow.



II.

'Tis not your Fortune I desire,
 Tho' far exceeding mine;
 Nor is't your Beauty I admire,
 Tho' second to Divine:
 But Virtue is that nobler Charm,
 Which does my Heart engage;
 Which cannot be Impair'd by Chance,
 But must Improve by Age.

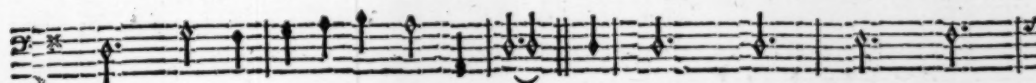




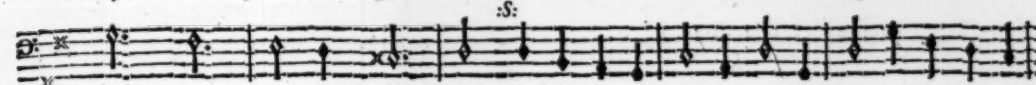
HE Fire of Love in Youthful Blood, like what is kindled



in brush Wood, but for a moment burns: Yet in that moment makes a migh-ty

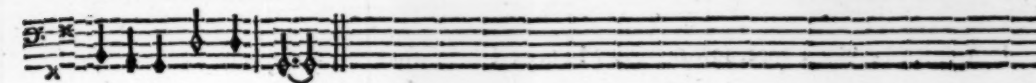


Noise, it crackles, and to Vapours turns, and soon it self, it self destroys, and soon it



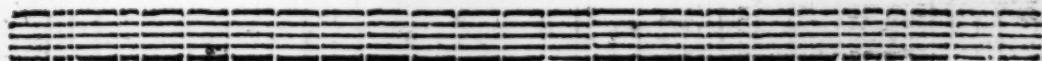
self, it self destroys.

Mr. Robert King.



II.

But when crept into Aged Veins,
It slowly burns, and long remains :
And with a fullen Heat,
Like Fire in Logs, it glows and warms 'em long;
And though the Flame be not so great,
Yet is the Heat, the Heat as strong.
Yet is the Heat, the Heat as strong.



A. 3. Voc. A CATCH.

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



Oung Collin clea—ving of a Beam, at ev'ry thumping, thumping blow, cry'd,



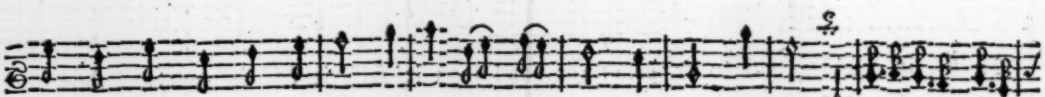
Hem! And told his Wife, and told his Wife, and told his Wife, (who the Cause would know) That



Hem made the Wedge much farther go: Plump Joan, when at night to Bed she came, and



both were play—ing at the same; cry'd, Hem! Hem! Hem! prethee,



prethee, prethee Col—lin do! if e—ver thou lov'st me, Dear, hem now! He, laugh—ing,



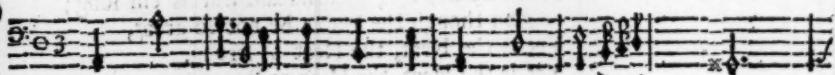
answer'd, No, no, no, some Work will split, will split with half a blow; besides, now I bore,



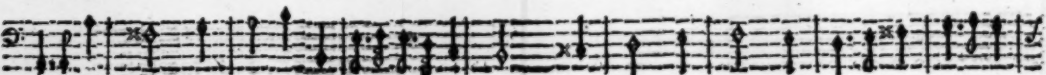
now I bore, now I bore, now, now, now I bore; I hem when I cleave, but now I bore.



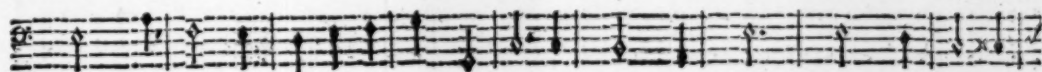
It had I figh'd, long had I lov'd in vain, oft to Cla—



rin—da had declar'd my Pain; she, charming Fair, at last so fair comply'd,



were't not a Sin, no more you'd be deny'd: I love, a—las! and sigh as well as



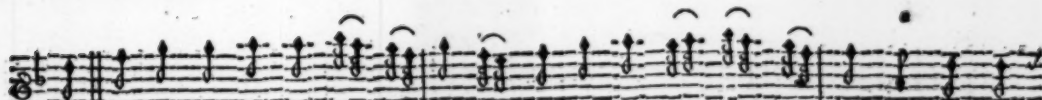
you, but da——re not, da——re not, what you'd have me do. Mr. Fr. Forcer.



Set by Mr. Robert King.



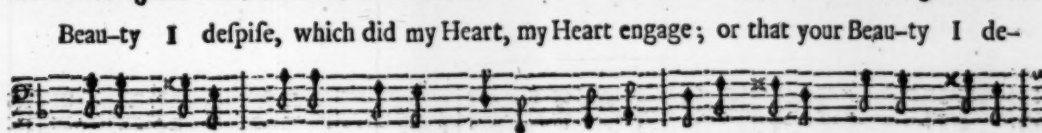
Hink not, *A—fre—a*, that your Eyes a feeble Con — quest



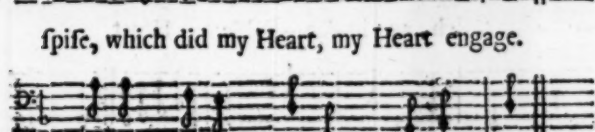
made; Or that your Beauty I despise, which did my Heart, my Heart engage; or that your



Beau-ty I despise, which did my Heart, my Heart engage; or that your Beau-ty I de-



spise, which did my Heart, my Heart engage.



II.

No, no, fair Saint, my Soul I find,
I'm more resolv'd than Fate;
I to *Astrea* must be kind,
Though you return, return me Hate;

✧ The Notes with a * over them are to be sung Demiquavers.

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.

Oft is my Quiet for e—ver, loft is my Qui—et, for
 Loft is my Quiet for e—ver, ever,

e—ver loft, for e—ver, for e—ver loft; loft is my Quiet for
 loft is my Quiet for e—ver, for e—ver, loft is my Quiet for e—ver, for

e—ver, ever, loft is Life's hap—pi—est part; loft all, all, all my ten—der En—
 e—ver, ever, loft is Life's hap—pi—est part; loft all, all my ten—der En—

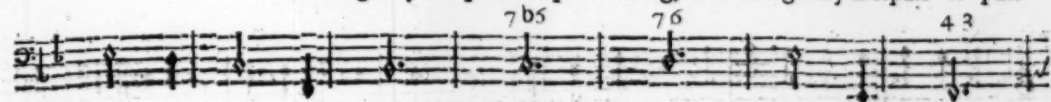
deavours to tou—ch an in—sen—si—ble Heart. But
 deavours to tou—ch an in—sen—si—ble Heart.



though my Despair is past curing, but though my Despair, my Despair, is past



but though my Despair is past curing, but though my Despair is past

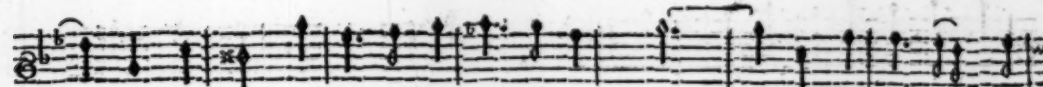
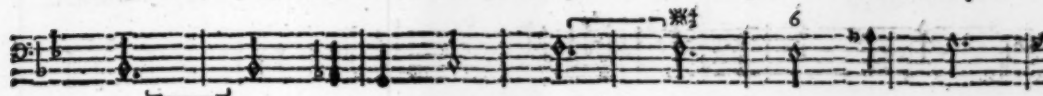


curing, and much un—de—serv'd is my Fate; I'll show by a patient en—du—



curing, and much un—de—serv'd is my Fate;

I'll show by a



—ring, my Love, I'll show by a patient en—du—ring, my Love is un—

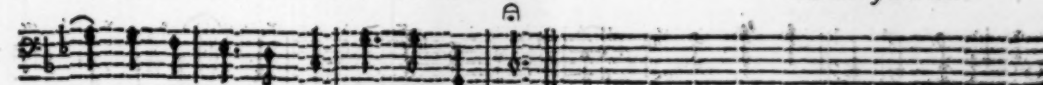


patient enduring, my Love is unmov'd, I'll show by a patient en—du—

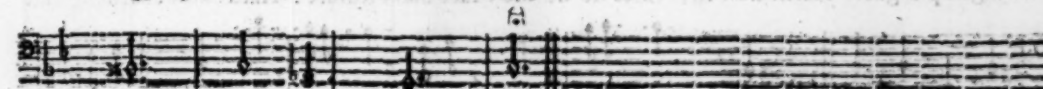


mov—'d, is unmov'd as her Hate.

Mr. Henry Purcell.



—ring, my Love is unmov'd as her Hate.





Outh and Beauty fly away like the winged Hour; Ah *Merrilla* 'tis the



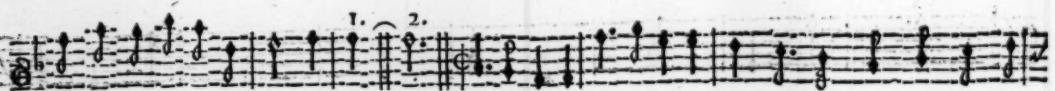
Virgins fair Dower; but the Rosie Cheek will soon fade, in spite of Mortal Pow'r. For like a



River, e-ver it is gli-ding from us away, and Fate makes us all o-bey; and that short

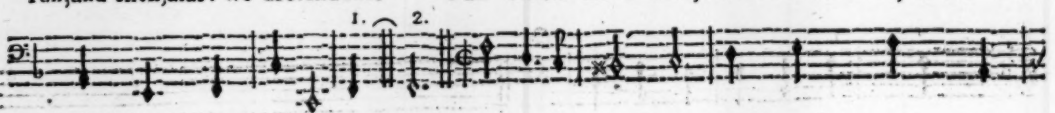


Sun-shine that was so bright and divine, so gay, pleasing, and fine, is past and gone, the Glas of Time is

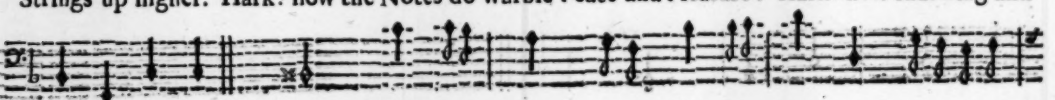


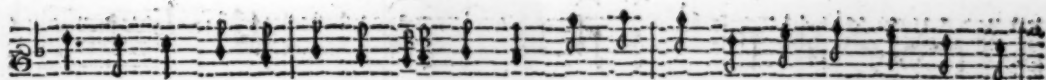
run, and then, alas! we are undone.

Fair *Olinda* all admire, touch now the Lute, and raise the

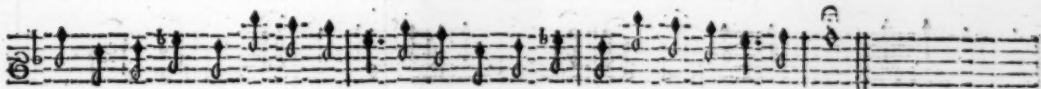
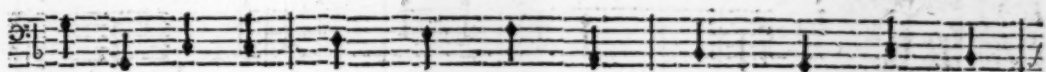


Strings up higher. Hark! how the Notes do warble Peace and Pleasure! Hark! how charming and

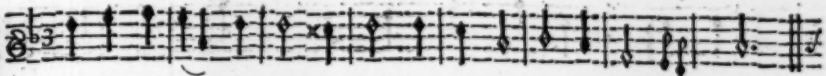




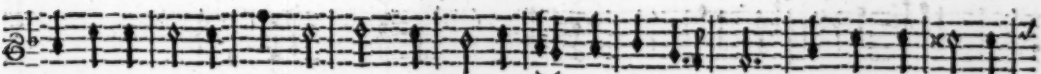
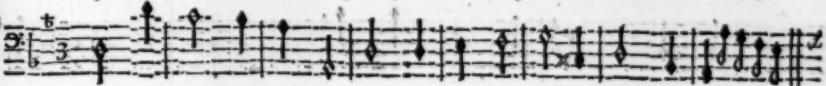
soft the Air! And the Fingers that do beat, like young Lovers kindly met, and the



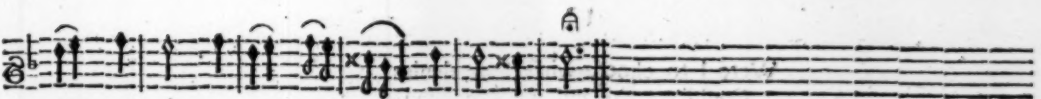
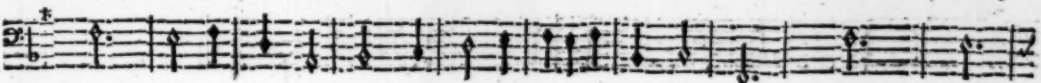
Eccho to the Virgin most divinely, Eccho to the Virgin most divinely Sweet.



U-pid to Ve-nus did complain, and said, My Glories now do end :



For Bacchus all my Trophies gains, and tyes my Subjects in his Chains; for Bacchus all my



Trophies gains, and tyes my Sub-jects in his Chains.



II.

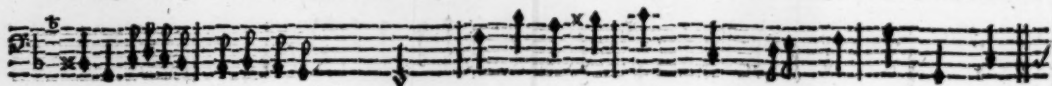
No more, no more th' endearing Joys
Of my soft Reign, soft Reign they own;
But with Bottles, and such Toys,
Invades, invades my Sacred Throne.
But with Bottles, &c.



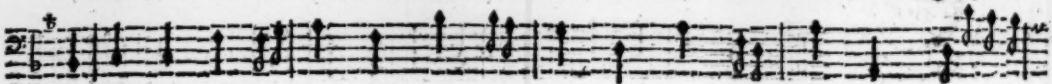
Arewel the Darling Shades I love, the calm Re-tire-ment



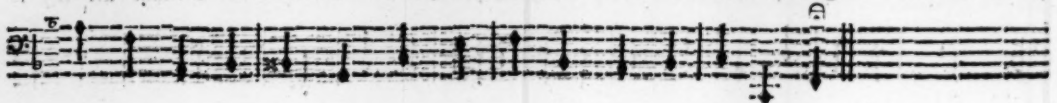
of my Life; where Pleasures boundless as above, free from all En-vy, Noise, or Strife:



No Passions e're in-fest the Plains, Contentment there im-mor-tal reigns; no

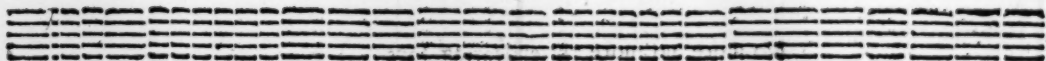


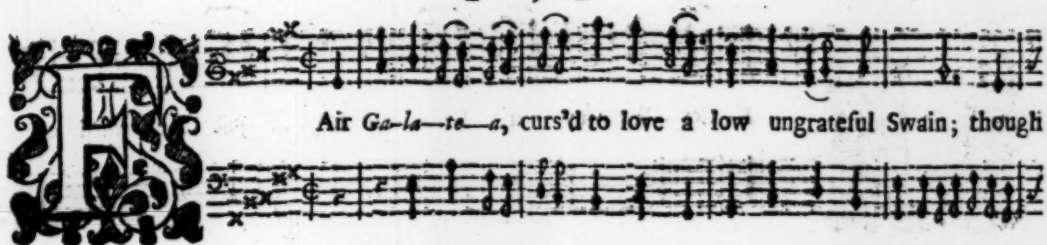
Pal-sions e're in-fest the Plains, Contentment there im-mor-tal reigns. Mr. Courtisville.



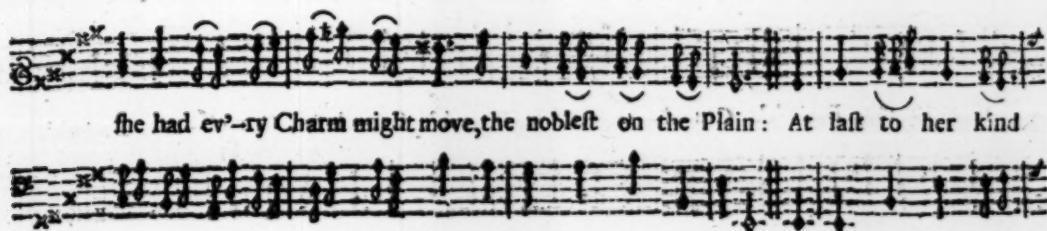
11.

Were I to choose what Fate denies,
 Could I command my Frowning Stars,
 Cities should in Confusion lye,
 E're I'd embrace there restless Cares:
 Oh! that I might near gentle Streams,
 Spend my dull Hours in Golden Dreams.

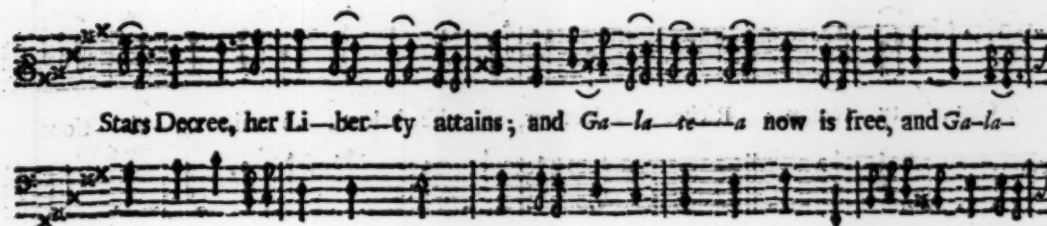




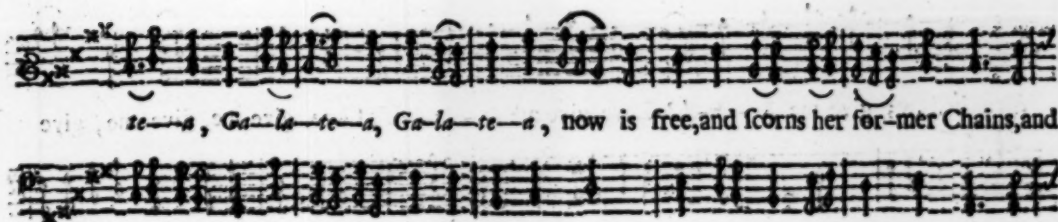
Air *Ga-la-te-a*, curs'd to love a low ungrateful Swain; though



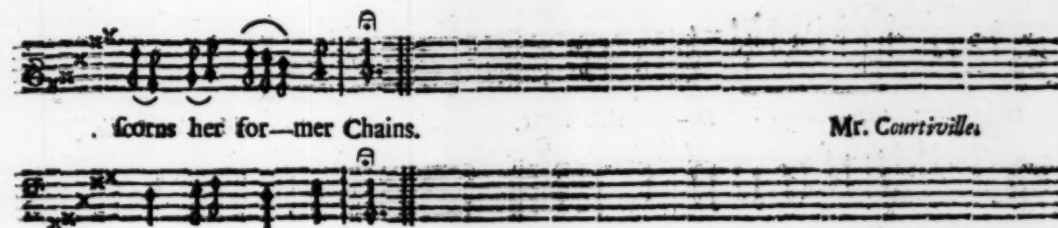
she had ev'ry Charm might move, the noblest on the Plain: At last to her kind



Stars Decree, her Li-ber-ty attains; and *Ga-la-te-a* now is free, and *Ga-la-*



te-a, *Ga-la-te-a*, *Ga-la-te-a*, now is free, and scorns her for-mer Chains, and



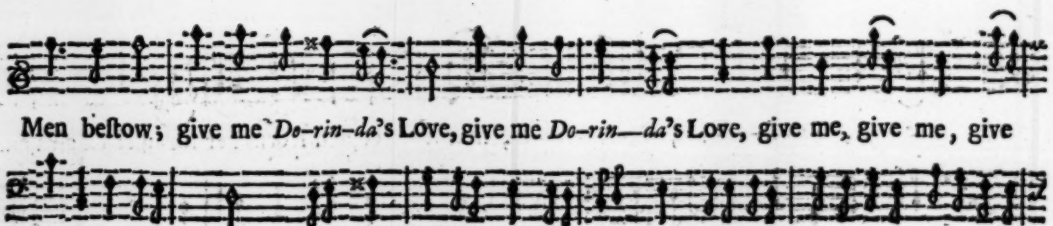
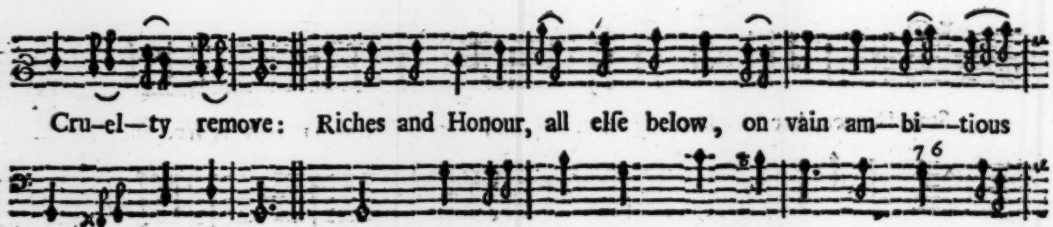
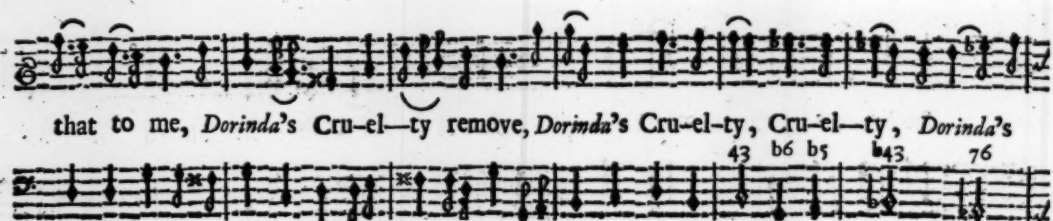
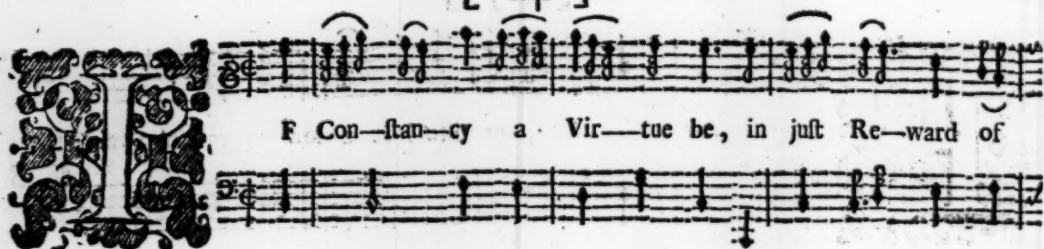
scorns her for-mer Chains.

Mr. Courtville.

II.

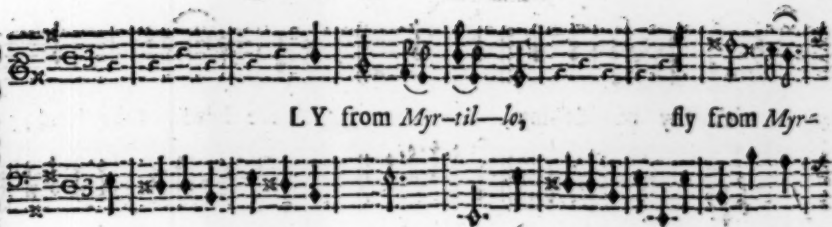
And now no Story told of Love,
Can *Galatea* take;
She does each thought of Love remove,
For base *Amintor's* sake:
She the whole Treacherous Sex does hate,
And all their Arts defies;
She now discovers ev'ry Bait,
Her Love has made her wise.

[14]



II.

Let others mighty Glories reap,
Wealth and Power together heap,
Philander asks you none:
Dorinda only to him give,
He'll richer be, more happy live,
Than *Cæsar* on his Throne:



LY from Myr—til—lo,

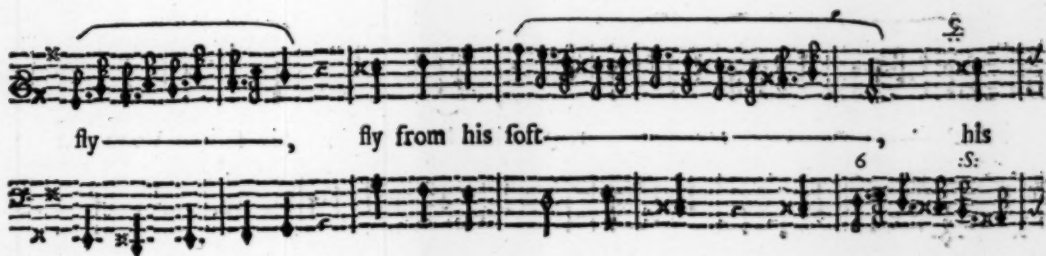
fly from Myr—



til—lo,

fly

from Myr—til—lo, gay and young,



fly

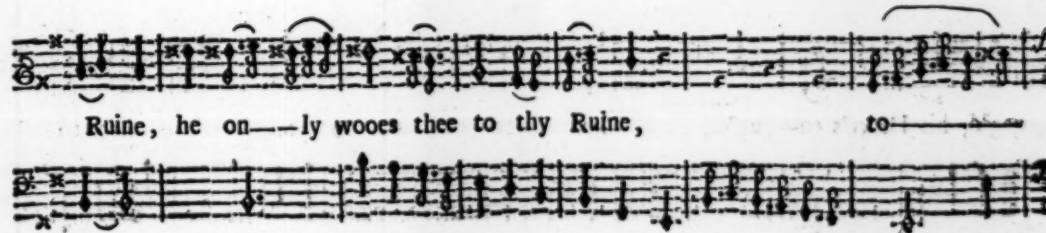
fly from his soft

his



soft in—chant—ing Tongue.

He on—ly woos thee to thy

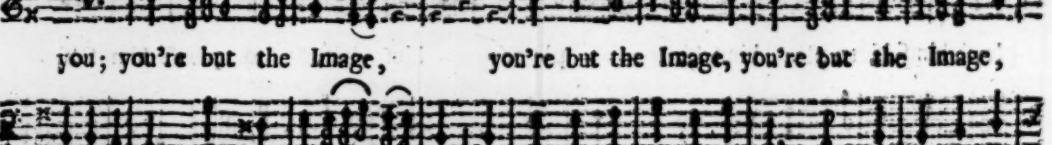
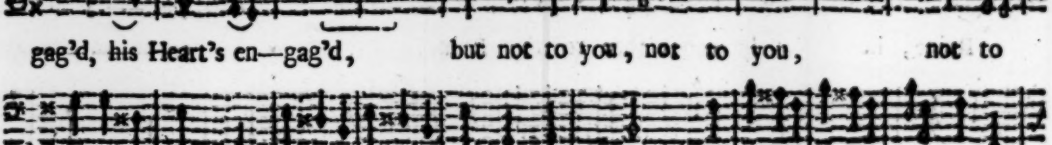
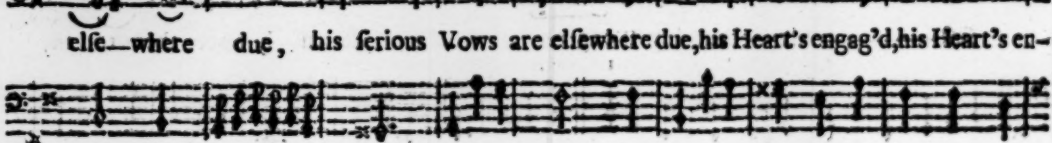
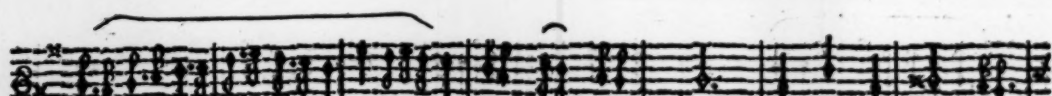
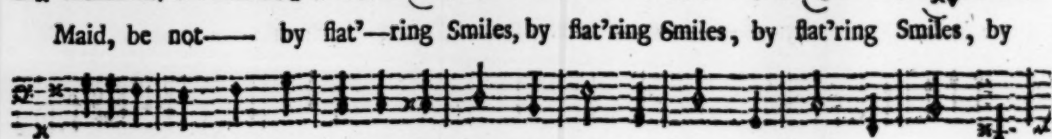
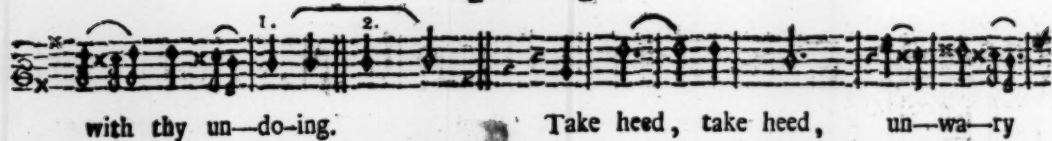


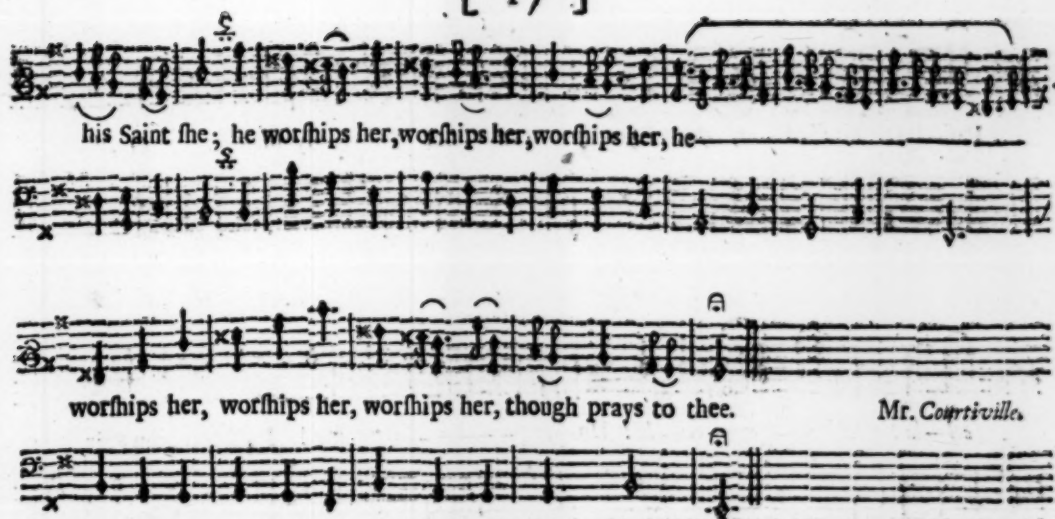
Ruine, he on—ly woos thee to thy Ruine,

to



please himself, to please himself, to— please— him—self, to please him—self,



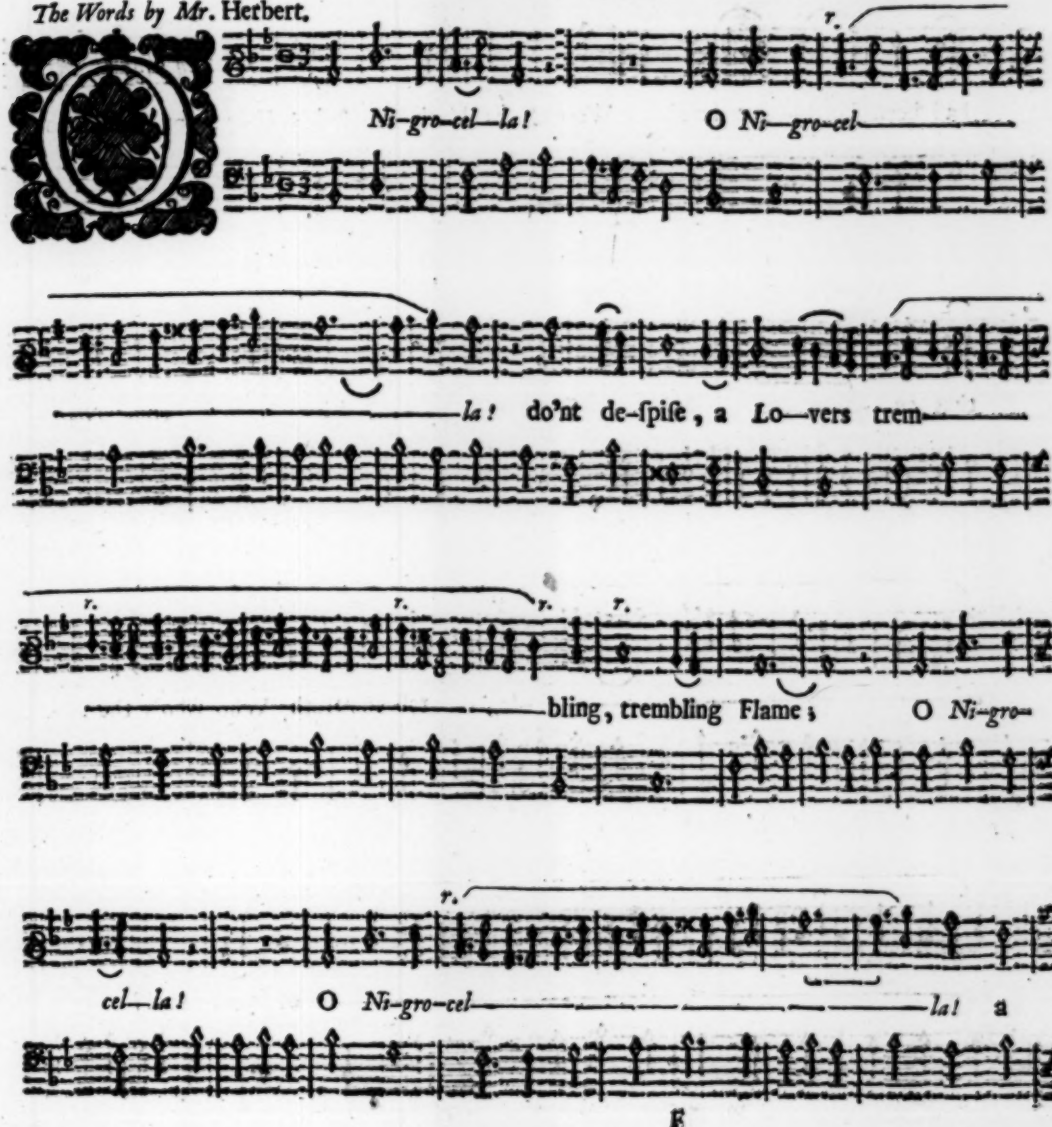


his Saint she; he worships her, worships her, worships her, he—

worships her, worships her, worships her, though prays to thee. Mr. Courtville.

The Fair LOVER and his Black MISTRESS.

The Words by Mr. Herbert.



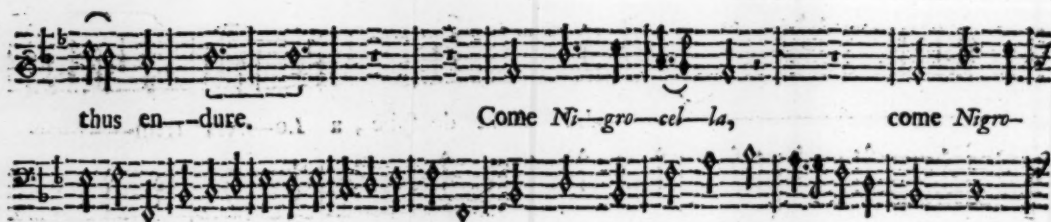
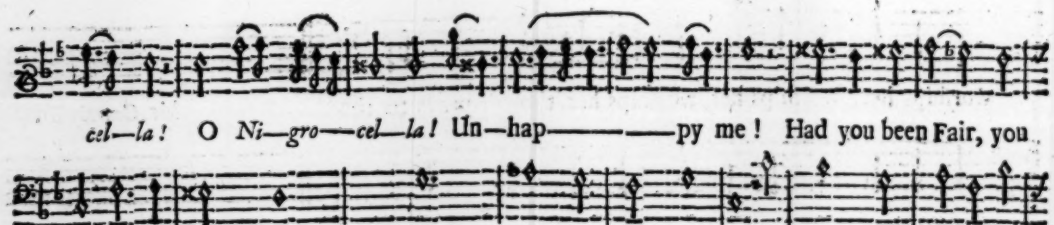
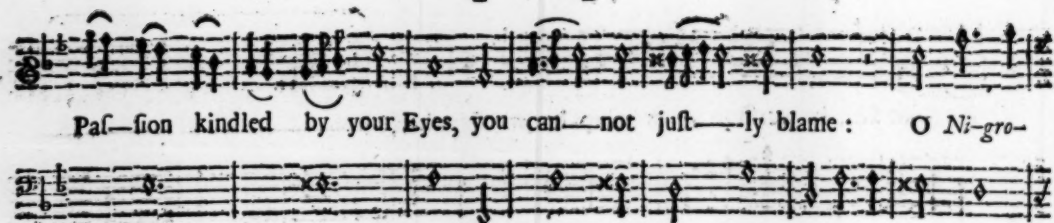
Ni-gro-cel-la! O Ni-gro-cel—

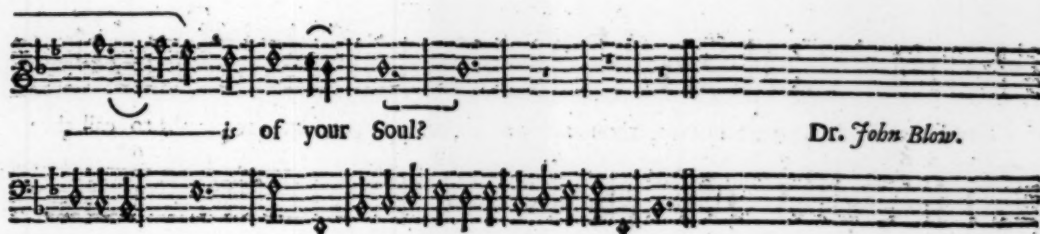
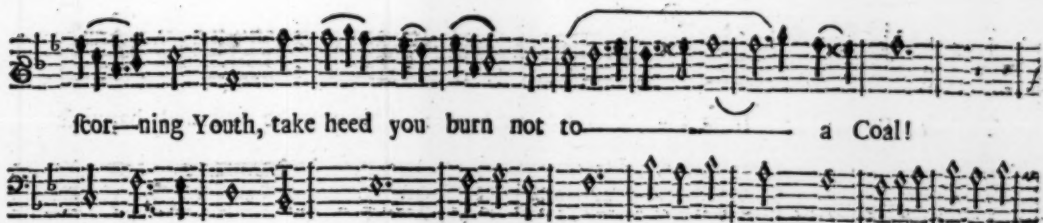
la! do'nt de-spise, a Lo-vers trem—

bling, trembling Flame; O Ni-gro—

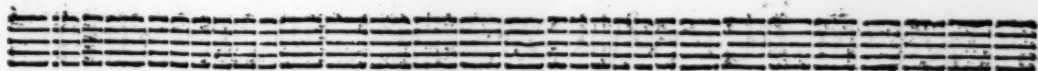
cel-la! O Ni-gro-cel— la! a

F





Dr. John Blow.





O W Sacred, and how In-no-cent, a Country Life appears ; how free from

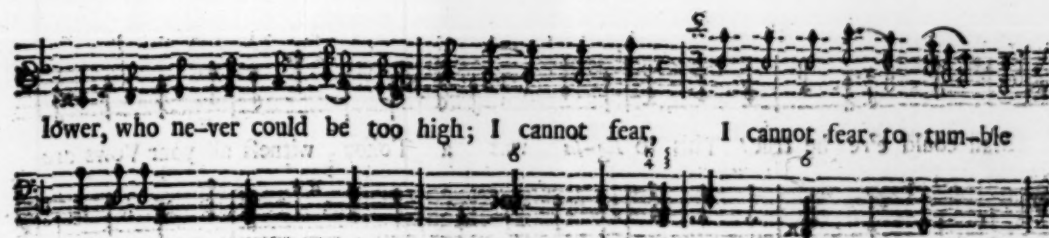
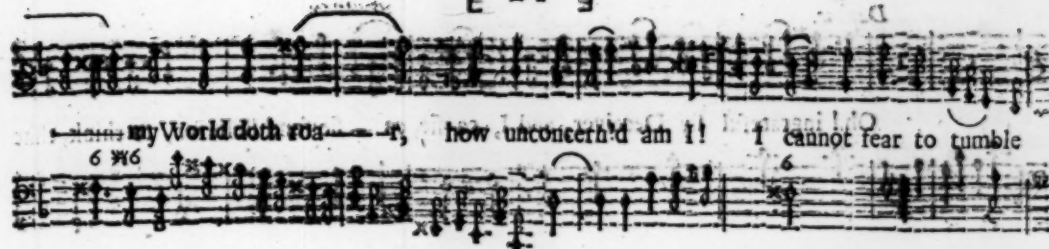
Tumult, Discontent, from Flat-te—ry, or Fears: This was the first and happiest

Life, when Man en—joy'd himself ; till Pride exchanged Peace for Strife, and Happiness for

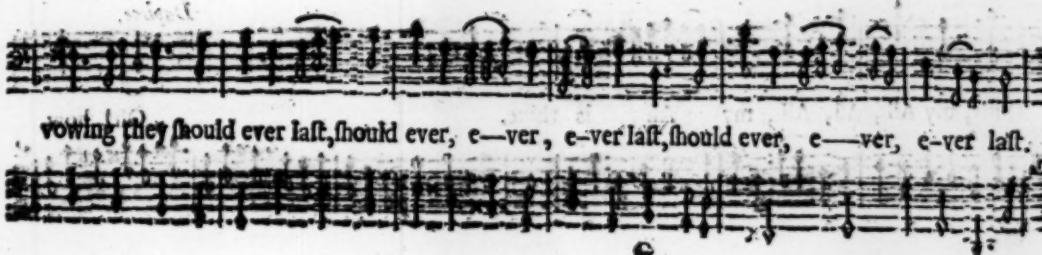
Pelf. Then wel—com dear—est So—li-tude, my great Fe—li-ci-ty, tho some are pleas'd

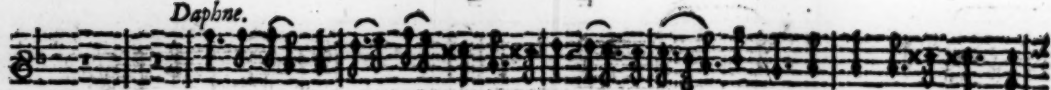
to call thee Rude, thou art not so, thou art not so, but we ; tho some are pleas'd to call thee

Rude, thou, thou art not so, but we. When all the flor

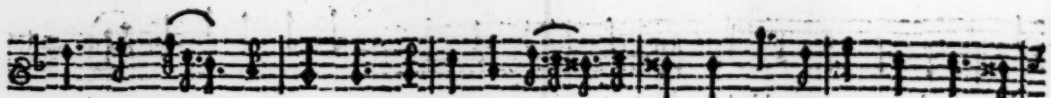
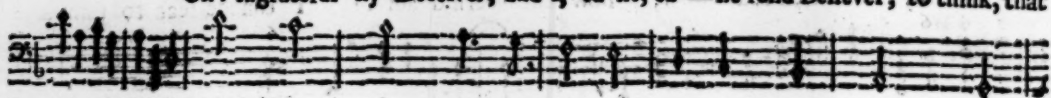
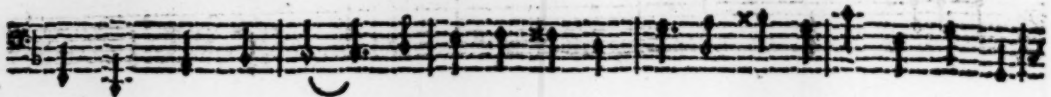


A Dialogue between THIRSI and DAPHNE.

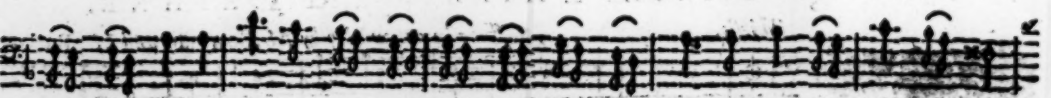
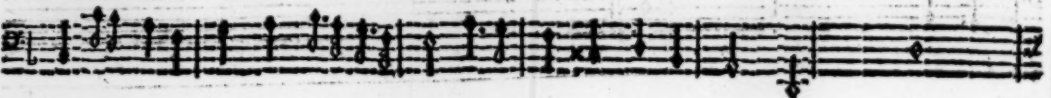


Daphne.

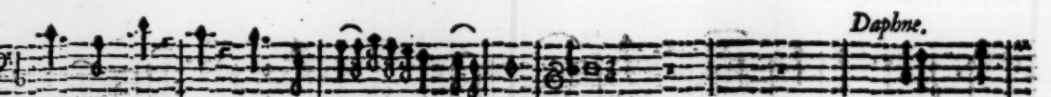
Oh! ingrateful fly Deceiver, and I, ea-sie, ea—sie fond Believer, to think, that

Man could e're be true! This to *Eg-la* was a Token, witness all your Vows are*Thirsis.*

broken, and I, poor I, and I, poo—r I'm undone by you. Could that false ma—

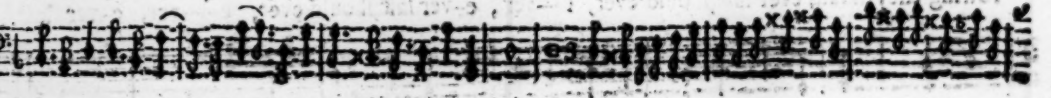


licious Creature, work up—on your ea—sie Nature; could she say, That Gift was mine;

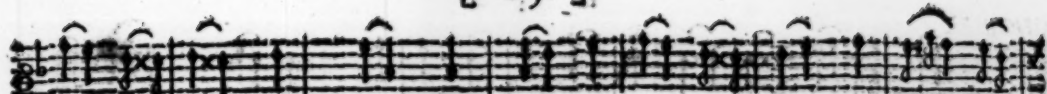
No, that Garland *Eg-la* gave me, but her Arts could ne're enslave me; No, no, my Life, my All, is*Daphne.*

thine, my All, All, All, my All is thine.

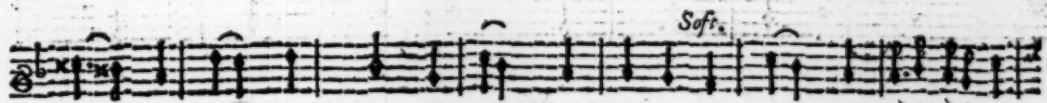
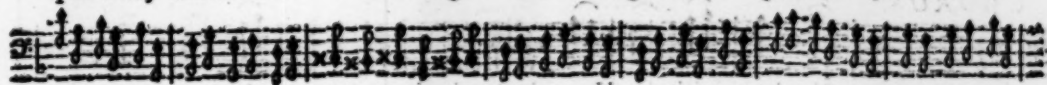
Oh! how



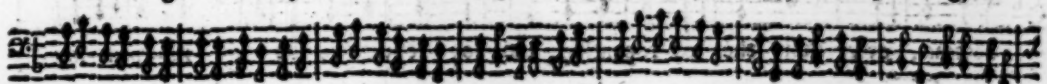
[23]



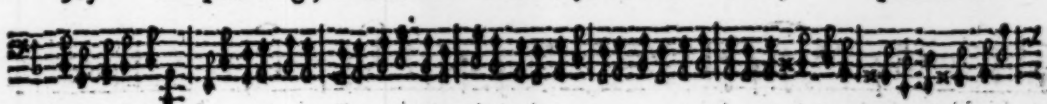
quick my Heart is bea—ting! Oh! how quick, how quick, my Heart is



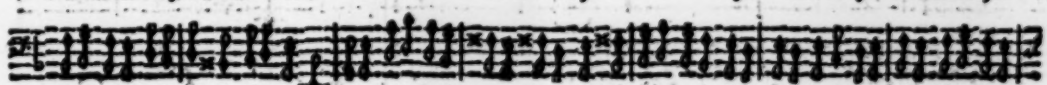
beat—ing! ev'—ry Pulse the Joy re—peat—ing, the Joy re—peat—ing, the



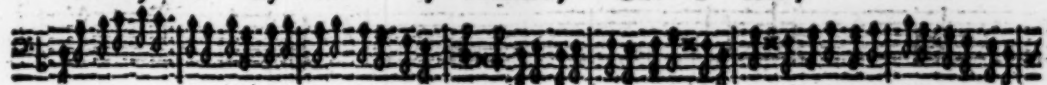
Joy re—peat—ing; Pleas'd to find my Swain so true, pleas'd to



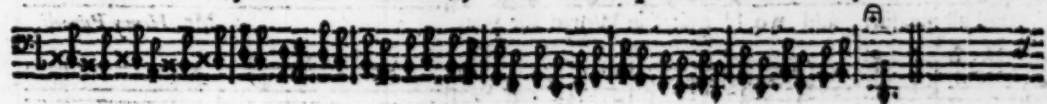
find my Swain so true: *Thir—fis* is my on—ly Treasure,



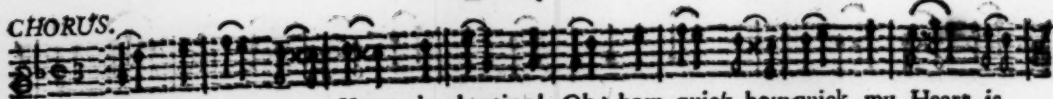
Thir—fis is my on—ly Treasure, Oh! I love, Oh! I



love be—yond all mea—sure, and would quit the World for you. *Chorus.*



CHORUS.



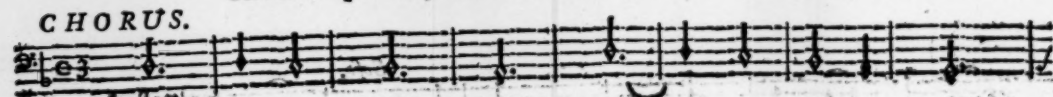
Oh! how quick my Heart is beating! Oh! how quick, how quick, my Heart is

CHORUS.



Oh! how quick my Heart is beating! Oh! how quick my Heart is

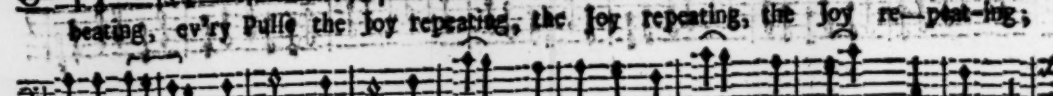
CHORUS.



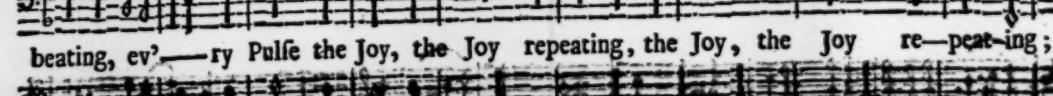
Soft.



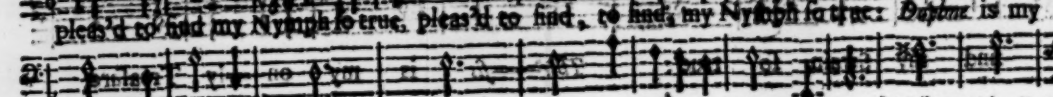
beating, ev'ry Pulse the Joy repeating, the Joy repeating, the Joy re-peat-ing;



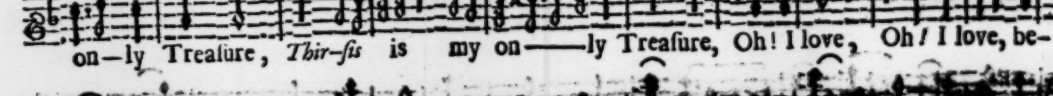
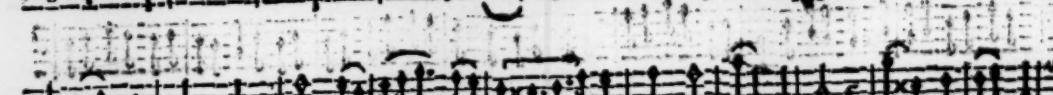
beating, ev'—ry Pulse the Joy, the Joy repeating, the Joy, the Joy re-peat-ing;



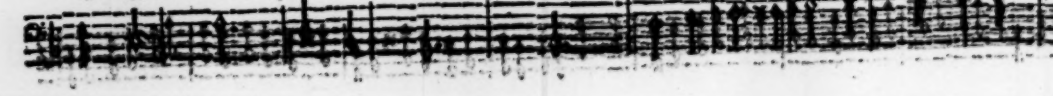
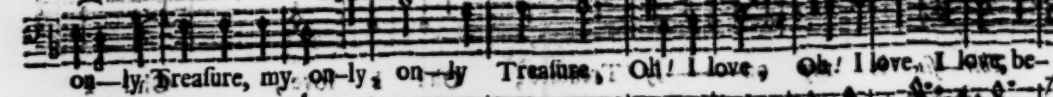
pleas'd to find my Swain so true, pleas'd to find my Swain so true: *This* is my



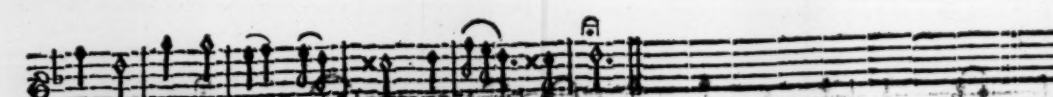
pleas'd to find my Nymph so true, pleas'd to find, to find, my Nymph so true: *That* is my



on—ly Treasure, *This* is my on—ly Treasure, Oh! I love, Oh! I love, be—



on—ly Treasure, my on—ly, on—ly Treasure, Oh! I love, Oh! I love, I love, be—



yond all measure, and would quit the World for you



yond all measure, and would quit the World for you

Mr. Henry Purcell.



